The AMERICAN SPECTATOR

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JAMES BRANCH CABELL ★ EUGENE O'NEILL

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THE NEWEST PSYCHOSIS

by GEORGE WEISS, Jr.

ONE of the strangest phenomena growing out of the Hitler movement has been its negative effect upon certain elements in American life. The resulting recrudescence of Germanophobia differs from the war-time hysteria only in degree, not in nature, and it is far more prevalent among intellectuals than any other stratum. The old familiar signs turn up with astonishing regularity—especially in the metropolitan press. The New York *Post* and its distant contemporary, the *Mirror,* carry the color of their prejudice right into their two-inch headlines. The *Times* lines up its galaxy of foreign correspondents to demonstrate, with wearisome iteration, that Fascism *à l'allemande* is a reversion to ancient Teutonic barbarism, that the average German is a dolt who loves banners and torchlight parades, and that his woman has been condemned to a dull life in which obstetrics supplants self-expression. And count that day lost whose low descending sun doesn't see in its New York journalistic namesake some brief editorial effecting a tie-up between the prevalence of hay fever and the brutality of the Nazi philosophy.

Of course, Germanophobia never completely disappeared in America, peace or no peace. The Hun was too deeply etched upon our mind to fade out in a mere decade or two. We continued to refer to German scientific discoveries as "the findings of a *European* savant," and to call German music "the works of a modern *European* composer." In radio sketches the German almost invariably has been portrayed as a thick-headed ass who says "mit" and "dot" and who invariably is outwitted by a Yankee or Briton.

In newspapers and magazines the German got cavalier treatment. Even in the pre-Hitler days, German news events often were reported in a manner that cast subtle ridicule upon the personages concerned. Germans customarily were represented as doing the wrong thing in the wrong way, saying the wrong thing at the crucial moment, and then surveying the results of their stupidity with an open mouth and a foolish expression. Much of the joshing was good-natured—but one observed that the technique seldom was employed in the treatment of other nationals. An ancient Teutonic custom might be the subject of ridicule; but no one had the bad taste to poke fun at the Ceremony of the Keys in the Tower of London. The illness of King George was handled with a reverence that no German official ever could expect.

And now again it is in the Fourth Estate, especially, that all rules and precepts seem cast to the winds in a wild endeavor to prove the case against Germany. There is a lack of objectivity in the presentation of news reports. A feature writer might be forgiven for making extravagant statements or taking a running broad jump at an impertinent conclusion; so much feature writing is done just to fill the blank space around pictures. But news columns (one almost hesitates to repeat the platitude) should be as dispassionate as human frailty permits. Yet generalizations, carping criticism and even inaccuracies are common in the present-day reporting of the German scene.

Take this choice piece of puerile generalization, headed "Nazi Salute Loses Its Former Snap": "The (German) civilian population has not much snap in the forearms these days. The hand dangles and often the salute is only a languid slip of the wrist. The authorities are worried about these languid wrists."

Or this petty sarcasm: "The (German postal) system has borne the title Reichs Post. In the future, *so that there will be no mistakes made,* it will carry the title German Reichs Post." The same writer prissily objects to the painting of German post-boxes black, white and red, and to the use of the Gothic letters on government property in place of the Latin. Criticisms of minutiæ (such as new colors, new methods, revised phraseology, etc.) are the forte of this new type of journalistic observer.

Even in the palmy days of the Red scare, an occasional writer would toss a good word in the direction of Trotsky or the New Economic Policy. But for Hitler and his boys there is none. As one man, such correspondents as Lengyel, Gedye, Tolischus, Mrs. McCormick and even the eminent Birchall sing dispraise of the *Führer.* The over-emphasis on the jet blacks should arouse suspicion. As a friend of mine always says, "Where there is deep shadow, there must also be bright light." Of course, the explanation is universally made: "We condemn the German leaders, not the German people." Such an argument loses force when we recall the events that followed a similarly vehement protestation (1917): "We have no quarrel with the German people; we have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship."

In addition to this bias, there is the matter of pure inaccuracy. More than once has Germany suffered because of her obstinate insistence upon retaining her old-fashioned, irregular and over-inflected language. For the sake of a fair representation in the American press, it would be worth-while to adopt the English tongue by official ukase. To American correspondents, German is exceedingly annoying, and they cannot be blamed for an occasional mistake in translation or a misconception arising out of an imperfectly understood oration. One of our writers, stationed in Germany, said some months ago in a Sunday magazine article that he was making "good progress" in the German language. How such a man can master the political and economic discussions in German journals, or get the viewpoint of the man on the street (the rapid-fire Berliner,

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the dainty-tongued North German, the drawling Bavarian, the Saxon, the East Prussian) is a question for a trickier mind than mine.

Our principal liberal weekly some months ago published an article by "a newspaper man who has recently returned from an extended trip in Germany." In the course of it he quoted the first stanza of the Nazi anthem. Speaking of the third line, *"Kameraden, die Rotfront und Reaktion erschossen,"* he referred to "the word *Rotfront* and the murder promised in the following words." The translation, of course, is: "Comrades who were shot *by* the Red Front and the reactionaries"—diametrically opposite to the press scholar's translation.

Strangest of all, however, is the zealous interest which many Americans are taking in the most obscure phases of contemporary German life. For a people whose ignorance of European affairs is proverbial, we have developed an amazing sensitivity as regards the injustices perpetrated upon our German cousins. Our indignation rises like mercury on a hot day. At first the Communists seize upon the watchword. Perhaps it is, "Free Pumpenheimer!" The movement spreads to the cloak-and-suiters and the Arbeiter Rings. Then it commences to seep into more élite circles. The Socialists take it up, and the liberals. An American League to Free Pumpenheimer blooms into existence. The Christian clergy and the Jewish rabbinate are impelled to make statements about the unfortunate Pumpenheimer, who by now "represents the crystallization of the spirit of the German workers," or something similar. Mass meetings are held; funds are raised.

If Pumpenheimer later should renounce his beliefs and exchange Marx for Hitler, the rain would descend and the floods come, and within four-and-twenty hours the erstwhile martyr would be dragged into the vile dust whence he had sprung, his cousin living in Philadelphia would require a police escort, and Americans would learn from their liberal mentors that the Magna Charta could not survive unless Pumpenheimerism was squelched.

We call sauerkraut sauerkraut again instead of Liberty Cabbage, we have put the German books back on our library shelves, and our opera companies again play the Wagner that once was strictly forbidden as a menace to Americanism. Other than that, we seem to have learned little from our venture seventeen years ago into the jungles of national hysteria.

BOOK-BUM

by H. ALTSHULER

I LOOKED up from the shelf of books I was fixing when the bum came in. He was dirty: wide red-rimmed eyes, broken shoes. Dirt in the long creases down his face. He sniffled, and wiped his nose along his coat-sleeve.

When he opened his mouth, I beat him to it by saying, "No. Nothing doing. Beat it."

"Whassamatter?" the bum said. "You think I'm trying to sell you something?" He laughed, hoarsely.

"Anything I can do for you?" I said.

"You got a book here called 'The Sword and Womankind'?" the bum asked. "It's a kind of a sex book, all about women and soldiers. I was reading a review of it. I'd kind of like to get ahold of it. You got it here?"

"I don't think so," I said, going over to a shelf of mild erotica. "If I had it, it'd be on this shelf. No, I guess it's not here. I can get it for you."

The bum came and looked for himself at the books on the shelf. "I don't see it here," he said. "I'd kind of like to get it. It's about women and soldiers. I saw a review of it."

"I can get it for you," I said again.

The sniffles got him and he wiped his nose on the coat-sleeve. "How much'd it cost? I can't afford to spend much, I ain't a rich man." He pronounced it as though it were a *bon mot.*

"Four dollars," I said, waiting for him to shuffle out.

"Jeez, I'd like to have it," he said.

"Want me to order it for you?" I asked without hope. "You'd have to leave a deposit."

The bum dug into a pocket, clawed his side as though bitten. Two folded dollar bills were in his hand.

"O. K." I said. "I'll order the book for you. It'll have to come from New York. I ought to have it by day after tomorrow, that's Wednesday."

The bum smacked his lips. "I'd sure like to have that book," he said.

"Yes, it's about soldiers and women," I supplied.

"That's right," the bum said, surprised. "Did you ever read it? I read a review—"

"Uh-huh," I said.

The bum looked injured.

"Anything else you want?" I asked. "There's a 'Psychopathia Sexualis' you can have for a dollar seventy-five."

"I got that," the bum said. "I got most of Freud, too."

"Making a collection of them?" I asked.

"Kind of," he leered. "I used to spend it all on gin, but I get a lot more kick out of books now. I bought one by Stekel last week—'Frigidity in Women', it's called—an' Jeez, he's got Freud skinned a mile. You oughta see some of them cases he quotes."

"Jeez!" I said. "That's nice."

"Jeez!" he said. "It's swell!"

ELEPHANTIASIS

by GESSNER HAWLEY

Elephants come in for a lot of attention. So does "Anthony Adverse." An elephant begins in an interesting way: wrinkled trunk, screwy eyes, moth-eaten ears. So does "Anthony Adverse": innocent girl-wife, dashing cavalier, ogrish husband. Ye ardent bee gleefully runs his proboscis into ye trembling flower; discovery follows; whereupon ye ogre gleefully runs ye cavalier thru ye guts. This is romance—with all the tang of stale ginger-ale.

From his neck to his backside, the elephant is nothing but size, and moves slowly but with Cyclopean thumps. So is, and does "Anthony Adverse." Our hero is a bronze boy with a heart of gold, thump, who rides with good fortune over the prostrate bodies of his fellow-men, thump (and women, thump, thump). Then his luck changes; he becomes a millionaire. During a brief dissertation on the financial history of Europe, he tags around with Napoleon, Talleyrand, and an all-star cast. Thump. Suddenly he turns humanitarian: in New Orleans he ships oodles of impounded silver to France, so that Napoleon can go right on killing people. Thump. Also there are some very *ne plus ultra* descriptions of sexual experiences . . . but so beautifully written, my dear! There is fun for the kiddies too—a coach falls over a cliff. Thump.

If I were an æsthete, which thank God I am not, I would remind you that an elephant's tail is funny because it is disproportionately short. So is the end of Anthony Adverse: his moral salvation has to be squeezed in like the last sardine in a can. Of course the poor boy's house burns down with his wife and child, but this might have happened to anybody, whether he needed chastisement or not. And after being purged by a plunge into primitivism à la Connie Morgan, he just happens to run across a replacement for the aforesaid wife incinerated. If I were a critic, which I again thank God I am not, I would be tempted to say that "Anthony Adverse" lacks æsthetic proportion.

But hell—so does an elephant.

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SOME INTERRACIAL ODDITIES

by GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Some singular contradictions and diverting oddities grow out of interracial relations in this Land of the Free where the incredible ever rises to rout the commonplace. Here are a few set down at random:

1.

Is it generally known that proportionately fewer black than white males belong to church?

2.

It is the custom in Chicago and other centres of enlightenment for colored gentlemen to go hunting pink damsels in the Black Belt hot-spots immediately following a lynching. It is then that the adventurous Aryan ladies flock to Little Africa in unusually large numbers. Will the learned psychoanalysts please explain this phenomenon?

3.

In New York, the great intellectual metropolis, the white illiteracy rate exceeds that of the colored folk.

4.

Many of the leading Aframerican families boast kinship with numerous F.F.V.'s and other haughty Southern clans, and proudly bear their names, albeit the ties are not legal. Certain old Dixie families are not without an Uncle Tom in the closet, and some of the old aristocracy are suspiciously dark.

5.

Some Caucasians will learn with surprise that the black mimes, hoofers and musicians whom they consider "leading Negroes" are not accepted in the best Aframerican society, being in most instances but one remove from the underworld.

6.

About eighty percent of the Negroes have white ancestry. Negro is just a term of convenience rather than description. Thousands who are only sociologically black "go white" annually, although sometimes shuttling back and forth between the two races. Many whites also pass for Negroes. This is especially true of white women married to colored men.

7.

The skin whiteners so much in demand in Aframerica are largely manufactured by white men in the South.

8.

Black-and-white "call" houses are more numerous in the South than in the North, since the two races "understand each other" so much better in Dixie. In some Southern burgs like Memphis and Oklahoma City, where such mixing is clandestinely the mode, catching a sable gentleman with an Aryan damsel is merely held to be a misdeameanor.

9.

Addressing Negroes as Mister, Missus and Miss instead of General, Doctor and Professor is becoming quite common in the more enlightened Southern communities.

10.

Threats of lynching occasionally send a white hunter trekking precipitately southward from Harlem.

11.

One of the chief reasons for the failure of the Communists to snare more black bucks has been the poor quality of the female bait used. In these sophisticated days, it seems, something more than a mere ruddy epidermis is demanded before Sambo will quit the two old parties.

12.

Like their Jewish fellow citizens, Aframerican scholars have modestly claimed every outstanding personality as one of them. Thus, the late-lamented Harding, Alexander Hamilton, Hannibal, Cleopatra, Beethoven, Haydn, Sappho, Akhenaton, Buddha and Jesus are all alleged to have been tar-brushed. Surprisingly enough, some of the proofs are most convincing. Count Esterhazy, for example, referred to Haydn as a "blackamoor".

13.

There are at least 10,000 legally married "mixed" couples in the country, or about .0001 of the number of interracial romances.

14.

Despite the 5,000 recorded lynchings and the Scottsboro case, Negroes have been acquitted of rape charges brought by white women in the South: Luther Collins, Houston, Texas, 1926; Oswald Durant, Nashville, Tenn., 1926; Turley Wright, Centreville, Tenn., 1929; Jack Ross, Monroe, La., 1930; William Harper, Portsmouth, Va., 1931. Sam Leibowitz and I.L.D. please note.

15.

Sepia men-about-town, whose triune deity is "yallah wimmin, yallah taxis and yallah money" express astonishment that most white men prefer very black women.

16.

There is reported to be a Aframerican social club in Washington, D. C., where only French is spoken.

17.

Senator John Ryan of Tacoma, Washington, a colored man, has only a handful of Negro constituents, yet he has represented his district for the Farmer-Labor Party in the state legislature for a decade.

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KIDNAP GANGS AND THE BILL OF RIGHTS

by ANTHONY M. TURANO
Member the Nevada Bar

IT is the unshakable creed of most moralists that whenever the behavior of every citizen does not conform to law and sound morality the only cure is to be found in a series of drastic amendments to the penal codes.

The classic instance, of course, is national prohibition, whereby we were all required to swallow the emetics of the bootleggers in order to compel a few confirmed drunkards to accept a legalistic Keeley Cure. But the most recent example is the course of violent legal cathartics that are being prescribed for the general population for the purpose of ridding us of the kidnapper and racketeer.

It is not to be denied that abduction for ransom is a crime that naturally arouses, in all citizens, the impulse to inflict immediate and extreme punishment. But when the facts are soberly examined, it appears that the number of actual cases is much smaller than the impression created by noisy headlines, and that the police have been doing their duty exceptionally well.

According to the Associated Press, the number of highly publicized kidnapping cases since the Lindbergh baby is an even dozen. In all instances, save one, the victims were returned. In seven of them, the offenders were convicted, one receiving the death penalty. Another, Verne Sankey, committed suicide after arrest. In the San Jose case, the prisoners had confessed and would have been speedily hanged if they had not been lynched. In the remaining three cases, suspects have been arrested and are awaiting trial. From other studies made by Edwin Teale, it appears that out of the twenty-four kidnapping cases, which is the total number since Lindbergh, only one remains unsolved; and the majority of the offenders were in legal custody within thirty days.

It is to be regretted, of course, that there were any kidnappings at all. Yet there seems to be no immediate danger that the neo-Dillingers will take over the functions of government.

But even if justification existed for such fears, the matching of criminal atrocities with equally merciless social vengeance would not be the remedy. Among the causes of crime are social factors, anthropological motives and telluric promptings that do not yield to simple deterrants. It is a commonplace of criminal psychology that most offenders consider themselves too clever for discovery, and pay small attention to the punishments apportioned by law to each contemplated knavery. It was the wisdom of the Middle Ages to impose the death penalty for dozens of offenses, including pocket-picking. The executions were public until it was found that too many spectators lost their purses.

There is much more encouragement in the fact that most of the periodical preferences for certain forms of crime are of self-limited duration, not unlike such epidemics as diphtheria and influenza. And their eventual abatement does not depend upon the timely discovery of a specific antitoxin. Piracy endured for many centuries, and its final disappearance was due more to Robert Fulton than to Jack Ketch. Train robbery and cattle rustling continued to be favorite occupations so long as there was an American Frontier. More recently, there was hope, especially in Chicago, that professional criminals would exterminate each other without police interference. But even these commendable activities came to an end, not so much because Al the Great was jailed as because beer-running became unprofitable. Some years ago, there was an alarming epidemic of suicides, particularly among college students. That it petered out was obviously not due to any death penalties prescribed for the offense.

Hence there is reason to believe that kidnapping will finally yield to some other newfangled form of criminality, even if no extraordinary legal measures are employed to effect the change.

In spite of such considerations, however, the shocked moralists continue to believe that the ultimate crimeless Utopia is a simple matter of doubling the penalties and multiplying the police. If only half of their proposed legislation were adopted, the resulting social straight-jacket would cause most peaceful citizens to wish themselves safely kidnapped or even executed.

Among the proffered legal potions are: modification of the jury system; its total abolition; twenty years in jail for sending a kidnap or blackmail letter; repeal of all parole laws; denial of bail for "all serious and notorious offenders"; suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus;* laws empowering appellate judges to increase sentences when the prisoner dares to appeal. Nobody has yet suggested the quartering of soldiers in every home, but there have been recommendations for universal finger-printing. The obvious purpose would be the policing of the possible victims, in order to save the trouble of singling out the criminals; and there is no doubt that if every free citizen exhibited his biography on demand the police would eventually stumble on "Baby Face" Nelson.

Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School suggests the introduction of what he calls a "second degree", whereby all criminal suspects would be examined before a magistrate without the constitutional immunity against self-incrimination. He explains that only a few shrewd criminals know their legal rights when charged with offenses; and that in the case of the lesser villains the police manage to overrule the constitution by employing the "third degree."

The professor forgets that not all persons arrested for investigation are outlaws, and that the purpose of all constitutional provisions is the preservation of the dignity of law-abiding individuals. It is not easy to perceive why, for the sake of a few legally awake crooks, the decent citizen should be classified with the inferior majority of scoundrels, who are too dumb to take advantage of their legal rights.

The pet remedy of J. J. Schumacher, President of Southwestern University, is the "federalization" of criminal procedure, and the creation of a national Scotland Yard to replace most local policemen. It is true that state boundaries sometimes interfere with the apprehension of fugitive offenders. But if the system of teletype communication between police stations cannot be made more effective, there appears to be no reason why county officers could not be deputized as federal agents, and allowed to pursue their quarry into other jurisdictions. It should also be possible for federal officers to coöperate with the local police, without making every speed cop answerable to the President.

The main argument for federalization, however, is that local sentinels of justice are sometimes badly trained. It is probably true that cases of incompetence are frequent in both branches. Indeed, it can be fairly argued that the detection of crime is not among the innate talents; and if it were proposed that every policeman should pass a technical examination in the rudiments of his occupation, it would be difficult to quarrel with it. The formal training of detectives may be no less needful than the apprenticeship of senators and congressmen. But unless it is shown that federalization is synonymous with education, or that a national sleuth is *ipso facto* an infallible Sherlock, it is hard to understand how federalization in either case could be a substitute for knowledge.

So, on the whole, the various proposals contain more emotional reaction than sober logic. To be sure, there are many antiquities in the law that ought to be repealed. But there is a wide difference between modernization and medievalization; and most of the proffered changes clearly belong to the latter category. Certainly no plausible case has been made out for the scrapping of the Bill of Rights on the part of the general population for the purpose of depriving a few gangsters of its dignities.

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GOD AND THE REPUBLIC

by RICHARD SHERIDAN AMES

PRAYING communities in drought-stricken Kansas and South Dakota serve to remind us of the erstwhile partnership of God and the Republic. The devout chorus seeking to puncture the water-bags of heaven provides a link with the past, when the national ego was so maimed or intimidated that our wary fathers adopted the motto "In God We Trust" and thus saved themselves and the voters much trouble.

The chief phenomenon divulged by these lamentable years since 1929 has been the divorce of the national welfare from Divine Intention and Heavenly Subsidy. In a curiously adult fashion Americans have blamed economic indigestion on their own greed. Their belly-ache was not ascribed to the Lord's wrath nor was there any evident stampede toward the churches to pray for His sacred pepsin.

There has been scant hymn-singing and breast-beating, and despite Dr. Buchman and his drooling converts no general spiritual awakening. Well-fed ministers of the gospel have not dared to admonish their parishioners to live not by bread alone, when bread and beans were the only antidote for militant stomachs and sulking souls.

Until 1932 God was nominally Republican, if one believed the bankers. But when He jilted them at the polls and subsequently failed to supply the comforts of miracle to their dour Herbert, who had promised milk and honey, His paternity was denied by the Conservatives.

The daffy Democrats were unwilling to annex a step-father, feeling that Thomas Jefferson would still do in a pinch. With characteristic haste the motto of the Administration became "In Brains We Trust" and the public gulped and then swallowed.

Despite our shocked superiority toward Godless Russia and church-baiting Mexico and Spain, the crusaders of Recovery are patently not Holy Men. The Alphabet Boys won't couple faith with Public Works. Their Holy Grail is the success of scientific method, and no newspaper has reported any prayer meetings in Washington.

Unless further pestilence shatters our current mood of patient rationalization, imbuing us with childlike fears, average Americans appear almost ready for mental long pants.

The pre-adolescent element is still with us; numerically smaller, but still squirmingly conscious of ghosts and bogey men. These church folk have worked themselves into a hissy over the morals of the cinema and we shall again be treated to the spectacle of sub-moronic hysteria and sour prohibitions. But for once the offensive of the God-fearing need not seriously trouble intelligent, busy men and women. The loot of Hollywood would scarcely confer a blight on our national æsthetics.

REQUIRED ZOÖLOGY

"And finally, when power takes on the form of life, and begins to circle about and pursue some type of perfection, spirit in us necessarily loves these perfections, since spirit is aspiration become conscious, and they are the goals of life: and in so far as any of these goals of life can be defined or attained anywhere, even if only in prophetic fancy, they become glory, or become beauty, and spirit in us necessarily worships them: not the troubled glories and brief perfections of this world only, *but rather that desired perfection, that eternal beauty, which lies sealed in the heart of each living thing.*"—George Santayana in "The Biosophical Review."

Required Zoölogy: *The pig, the rattlesnake, the hippopotamus, the horned toad, the sardine, the louse.*

THE POMPADOUR

by BRANCH CABELL

IN the days of your power you, Madame Jeanne Antoinette Poisson Le Normant d'Étioles, Marquise de Pompadour, were called, for pert brevity's sake, "the Pompadour": and it appears odd that I also should remember the reign of the pompadour, not over clearly, but very fondly, and even with some hint of nostalgia. For, in that faraway time, it seems to me, the pompadour was the badge—or, as one might more justly say, the bright and most splendid crown—of a semi-divine race who did not strikingly resemble the young women in current use nowadays.

It was an idyllic period, which might be termed pastoral but for the infrequency of its black sheep. Victoria still reigned in England, and the polite life of America likewise was governed by Victorianism. All skeletons stayed sedately in their own proper closets; sepulchres were quite liberally whitened; and the extreme limit of printed impropriety was, I imagine, the not scarlet, the merely pink, iniquities of that always dog-eared *Police Gazette* which one met with in barber shops——whither none of the fair sex (as they were still called, here and there) ever penetrated.

Nor indeed was it then mentally possible to think about any really nice woman in connection with the unrestraint and déshabillé of a barber shop. Gentlewomen in those days were regarded as beings who yet kept about them something of the fading and final radiance of men's chivalrous respect, its thin and faint but beguiling afterglow. In brief, except only in barber shops, in saloons, and in clubs, there were ladies all over the place—which is almost like saying that in my own day I have noted the Great Auk or the pterodactyl as a familiar feature of the American landscape.

And it appears droll that, at a time when the professed standards of that now extinct creature, the lady, were at their supreme highest, the crowning ornament of the lady should have been the pompadour. For you, Madame, were not—upon the whole—in complete accord with Victorianism; and to imitate you was, at the very least, to acknowledge the existence of that sort of person whose existence ladies simply did not acknowledge. I do not know how they circumvented this point in logic. I know only that in practice they did imitate you through the aid of much mystic paraphernalia, which included wholly unrodent-like "rats."

They imitated, in fine, that rolled-back and that puffed-out arrangement of your thinning hair, as even to-day you are visible, in the portrait called "La Belle Jardinière," which Carlo Van Loo painted of the King's *maîtresse en titre* when Louis Quinze ruled nominally in France, and you ruled in reality. And this style of hair dressing the ladies termed, in your honor, "the pompadour." Such, then, is your ultimate glory, Madame: your fair ghost appeared, like a benevolent fairy, at the cradle side of the new-born twentieth century, to bestow upon it the pompadour; and the last living lady (whosoever she may have been) was your faithful mimic.

But you rebuke these reflections. Pallid, and frail, and extremely lovely, you arise before me (as in your portrait by Latour) clothed in white satin embroidered with rosebuds, with large lace sleeves, with a beribboned corsage of ineffably vague violet tints. Your slippers are pink; in your rolled-back and puffed-out, chestnut-colored hair there is just a dash of powder; beneath it, your fair and delicate face appears coolly scornful. You do not relish this nonsense which remembers you merely as a coiffure. It does not merit perhaps a *lettre de cachet,* not immediately. None the less, do you wish to remind me—without any least irritation, in view of my complete insignificance—that beneath this coiffure, as to which I prattle, moved a superb and unscrupulous brain.

I grant that very willingly, Madame. You were cold; you were grasping to an extent which was thought remarkable even in the daughter of an absconded tax-collector; your cunning was serpent-

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like: you had no least virtue, except only, it may be, your love of art and of art's more delicate products. For you did love beauty, or, at any rate, prettiness; and its presence awakened in you always—in you, the frigid, the unwilling, the unutterably tired harlot—something of warmth and of active kindliness, as did nothing else in this world perhaps, and as, very certainly, did no human creature in this world at any time.

You appear to have loved no flesh-and-blood being, not even temperately. . . . You were a bit irritated, it is true, by the death of your only child, because you had but lately arranged to marry Alexandrine to the Duc de Chaulnes, who would have brought into your family circle his three million francs. Your daughter's death thus became to you a real loss, which you felt arithmetically. . . . For the rest, you despised, naturally enough, the nobility and the gentry who thronged about you, the enthroned tax-collector's daughter, as your suppliants. You at bottom despised also your Louis Quinze, just as he at bottom came by-and-by to dislike fretfully, and to fear most profoundly, you.

Yet you, who were born a nobody, and so lacked the entrée at court, you pursued the king of roués, whensoever he quitted the protection of his palace to hunt in the woods of Sénart. You indomitably hunted the hunter, incomparable in your rose-pink gown, and most elegantly mounted in your fine phaeton lined with blue silk, until, after several months of pursuit, he capitulated. You thus conquered your Louis Quinze, through the sheer weight of your persistence; and for nineteen years you held the unwilling, the restive lecher, even down to the day of your death, with your not-ever-failing adroitness. . . . He was delighted to be rid of you, remarking affably as your funeral cortège drove off in the rain, "Madame has a bad day for her journey." But he had never the pluck to resist you, living.

So, for nineteen years, did the Pompadour govern all France absolutely, and rob the exchequer every day with both hands: it is a record, I grant, unequalled by any other woman. Yes, very truly, Madame, you were a deal more than a coiffure, you were unspeakably more significant than a season's mode in hair dressing: for you, who died childless, became by-and-by the mother of I know not how many revolutions.

You were a most dreadful, a most petty, and yet, in your own special, patched and berouged way, a remarkably great personage. Like Mélusine, in a romance which seems once to have been more familiar to me than it is nowadays, you were a terrible and delicious woman.

Ah, but, Jeanne Antoinette Poisson Le Normant d'Étioles, that was a long while ago. It does not really matter any more. And in this world we, being that which we are, can feel deeply about only this or the other transitory occurrence which we have perceived with our own senses. For this reason I am led now and then to think, a bit fondly, about the reign of your futile namesake, the pompadour, rather than about your own longer and more splendid and far more abominable reign. The proceeding is not logical: but then, as I have just pointed out to you, Madame, the pompadour had not ever anything to do with logic.

The New Republic

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF CULTURAL DEVELOPMENT EXEMPLIFIED BY "A CENTURY OF PROGRESS," CHICAGO (Anno Domini) 1934

by GEORGE C. EYLAND, Jr.

☛ To relieve the stagnation of Continental monotony which had pervaded the Streets of Paris, the World's Fair authorities have finally approved the "Venus on the Half-shell", "Paint the Artists' Models in the Nude" and "Give the Little Lady a Bath With Your Own Hands, Gents" presentations.

☛ As an adjunct to the Colonial Village a pair of lackadaisical ex-taxi dancers bedizened with a Balaban and Katz conception of Colonial Minute-Men costumes fidget uninterruptedly astride a team of diabetic stallions through the courtesy of a local entrepreneur of Vitalized Milk.

☛ The Italian Village discards a Midway ballyhoo of revealingly draped floozies in favor of an anthropoid ape.

☛ Merrie England features a Brooklyn street-pitchman with variations of the "disappearing coin" trick, who employs a languid blonde wench from Wichita, Kansas, and a bucolic Scotchman from 175th Street, New York, as come-on shills to attract the gaping mob.

☛ Children of tender ages are urged to investigate Robert Ripley's "Believe It Or Not Odditorium," which offers the following educational phenomena as its contribution to one hundred years of cultural advancement:

The wise-cracking gent who essays simultaneously to render a couple of indistinguishable American folk ditties on a honky-tonk piano, the while standing on his head with gloves on.

The spare lad from Tennessee who placidly stuffs five golf balls into his expansive oral cavity in mute obeisance to One Hundred Years of Cultural Progress in America.

The guileless young man with the disappearing stomach.

The Arabian gentleman who, assisted by a melanoid hussy in cerise step-ins, drinks thirty-two consecutive tumblers of H_2O and is subsequently transformed into a "living fountain"—emitting said H_2O from an arc-like arrangement into a gold-fish bowl five feet distant.

The Mama and Papa from the Banks of the Wabash who have whittled uninterruptedly for forty-three years and who are (for no discernible reason) still whittling.

The pre-bellum madam who permits the attendant's knuckles to inscribe the initials NRA in the middle of her impressionable undraped rear, to the tumultuous applause of the patriotic spectators. (Believe it or not!)

The Turkish Wonder who delights in the masochistic pastime of plunging needles, tacks and hat pins into his nose, cheeks, lips and diaphragm.

The Ossified Man and Ossified Woman, who are jointly exhibited prostrate, for reasons apparently connected with Psychopathia Sexualis.

The prestidigitating marksman who shoots a bullet straight through the little lady's body (little lady changed twice weekly) and thereupon opens a trap-door in said babe's diaphragm permitting his credulous audience to peer through her body to the opposite side of the Odditorium.

☛ The sedate Hall of Science boldly flaunts life-like reproductions of *Homo sapiens* in various crucial stages of the gruesome ills which flesh is heir to. The septic deterioration stages of major burns are particularly enlightening.

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☛ In "Night Court," The Bowery's modest contribution to A Century of Progress, the judge on the bench heart-rendingly observes of the woman accused: "This little lady aint no prostitute. She's just a nice gal from the country, folks." Whereupon the little lady in question greets judge and spectators with an exaggerated version of what is colloquially referred to as a "Bronx cheer" (Just plain "raspberry" to you.)

☛ Edsel Ford, surveying the Ford Industrial Exhibit with Ford, *père,* indicates to consultant engineer that a minor industrial unit mounted upon a concrete base would appear to better advantage with a few inches change in position. Warns engineer: "But, Mr. Ford, to move that machine now would cost us thirty thousand dollars!" Decides Ford, *fils,:* "Is that all? Then by all means have it moved at once." Ford, *père,* unmoved, says nothing.

☛ A nudist wedding, with nude minister, *secretly* transpires in the "Prehistoric Domain," to the questionable amusement of a squad of Gentlemen of the Press and other prehistoric monsters.

☛ A modified Streets of Paris presents the Duncan Sisters in their coy rendition of the "Man On The Flying Trapeze," followed by a self-conscious sylph in the altogether, who dives into an uncensored pool of stagnant aqua to the raucous tune of Duke Ellington's "Sophisticated Lady."

☛ The toothless lion who formerly graced the Motordome in a miniature motor car has made his growling exodus in favor of a brother-sister team of motorcyclists who stage an odorful race in the perpendicular about the walls of the "Wooden Globe of Death."

☛ The Shanghai Village, relegated to an obscure part of the Island Midway, revives waning interest by exploitation of the only *living Chinese femme cooch dancer in captivity.* Proud barker elaborates: "Folks, you've seen American cooch dancers, French shakers, Russian wrigglers and Oriental fan dancers . . . but, folks, did you ever in all your lives see a real *CHINESE* cooch dancer? Now, I *ASK* you?"

☛ For the stupifying edification of those few mortals who are still temerarious enough to toss a two-dollar bill into an extensively unappetizing table d'hôte, the Canadian Club spotlights a gorgeous brunette hussy who pours champagne for the front-row customers, the while she ambidextrously tilts decorous skirts to reveal black-stockinged legs, coy garters and transparent ruffled panties in a terpsichorean guise of the Parisian Can-Can.

☛ Hawaii, evidently discouraged by Jimmy Walker's refusal to accept its over-publicized offer of a hundred grand for the season, with Betty Compton thrown in for a chaser, have substituted Anglo-Saxon for their original Filipino barkers, who harangue the milling populace with the luring catch-line: "No MINIMIN charge."

☛ In the Hall of Photography, a favorite rendezvous of mater and the kiddies, the putrefactive remains of a female breast in the final throes of malignant cancer are conspicuously displayed.

☛ In "Hollywood", Faith Bacon, the perennially glorified Earl Carroll Girl, transmutes the obvious burlesque strip dance into a semblance of so-called histrionic art by the simple expedient of discarding a series of faded gardenias from her powdered anatomy in lieu of the conventional feminine unmentionables commonly removed.

☛ The Playground of the Devil (Hell, to you) ostentatiously presents the undraped *posteriori corpus firmus* of three little maids who, in the words of the spieler, "have lived not wisely but too well". The nude honeys are thereupon swiveled about and their features revealed to be those of our old friends, the Three Little Pigs.

☛ Sally Rand, the erstwhile fan dancer, who recently shared cinematic personal appearance honors with Clark Gable and Aimee Semple MacPherson, currently glorifies a transparent soap bubble in Ernie Young's revue in the Streets of Italy.

FASCIST DIALOGUE

by HAROLD PREECE

"Yessir, we'll all be under a Mussolini or a Hitler in the next six months."

The local commander of the American Legion, unaware that he was speaking to a class-conscious worker, reached across the desk and extracted my last cigarette from the crumpled package. His two compatriots nodded their heads in emphatic assent. A Mussolini or a Hitler! No hungry unemployed coming to the City Hall, where the commander has a fat job, and demanding food! No ragged malcontents to disturb the slumbers of bay-windowed reserve officers! The Black Flag of the Fascist pirates as a final alternative to the Red Flag of the revolutionary proletariat!

"Do you think that this country is moving toward Fascism, Mr. Burton?" I asked innocently.

"Well, we ex-service men ain't bein' treated right," the commander replied, carefully flicking his cigarette ash in a silver tray. "If something ain't done for us, we are going to step in and take charge."

Alas, I thought, this valiant defender of his country is only making two hundred or so dollars a month. How does he keep body and soul together in such trying times? My mind reverted to the one-armed veteran who had mooched me for breakfast a few minutes previously. But I queried diplomatically.

"Don't you consider the attack upon the bonus marchers to have been rather unwarranted?"

"Them boys would have been better off if they had stayed home, paid their poll taxes, and voted. They woulda done much more good than by goin' to Washington with the seats of their breeches out and cavortin' around like Coxey's Army."

It would have been irrelevant to my purpose to have asked where the boys would have got the money with which to have paid their poll-taxes. Or if they had obtained it through days of patriotic mooching on the steam, what good their votes would have done them since the phlegmatic Herbie and the cheery Frankie were equally opposed to payment of the bonus.

"What influence do you think that the Reds had upon the bonus marchers?" I inquired.

"Very little on the men from this state," Mr. Burton replied. "Our Texas boys ain't goin' to see their sisters forced to marry niggers. But, I hear that Rooshia had its agents in the contingents from the North and East."

"Ever bothered with agitators here?" was my next sally.

"We don't stand for 'em," the paunchy gentleman, hugging the office radiator, interjected. "Some of these guys workin' fer the Community Chest git uppity at times; but the boys from the station always put the pants on 'em."

I recalled that an incipient organization of the Beaumont (Texas) unemployed had been suppressed at the behest of the Family Welfare Bureau, official slop dispensary of the Community Chest.

"Them Reds are all long-whiskered fellers, anyhow," the third member of the trio, a lean, lanky citizen, volunteered as he reflectively rubbed his clean-shaven chin.

Mr. Burton bummed a fresh cigarette from the paunchy one and proceeded to relate an interesting anecdote: "I was an intelligence officer in the army from the signin' of the Armistice 'til we was mustered out. I was tipped off that there was to be a Red meetin' in camp. Fifteen thousand of us he-men invaded it, and that was the last of the Bolshies."

"Boy, you ain't got nothin' on me," and the paunchy one puffed out his chest an extra inch. "A bunch of us broke up a Red meetin' in New York after the boat had landed. We opened up the windows and, Kerist, how them furriners hit the sidewalk!"

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"I don't know much about Fast-sism," the lanky one stumbled over the word. "But, the way that Jap, Kishi, who spoke at the Legion meetin', explained the way it works in Japan, it mustn't be half-bad."

"Yeah, and the way Kishi explained the trouble in China sure opened my eyes," commented the paunchy one, filling his pipe and spilling Prince Albert crumbs on his blue serge vest. "If Japan hadn't gone in there, the damned Reds woulda took the country."

"They'll take the country if we don't wake up," and a serious look obscured Mr. Burton's countenance. "Hitler's one smart boy."

"You tellin' me?" the paunchy one countered.

Three specimens of intellectual senescence sitting around an ornate office, scheming against the wretched dwellers of the hovels.

Three exemplars of a patriotism whose boasted equality of opportunity does not extend to the residents of the river-front Hooverville, a stone's throw from Mr. Burton's window.

Three little tories wrapping flags about their ears to muffle the siren strains of rebellion.

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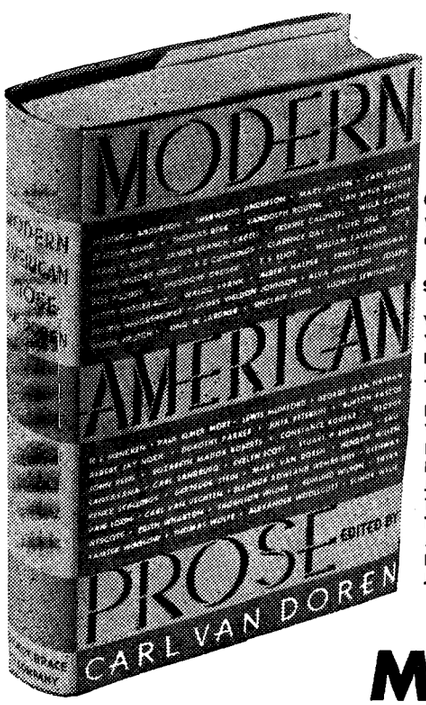
SERVANTS OF GOD—NO. 27

From the Philadelphia Record:

Rev. George Clyde Paxton, pastor of Northwest Memorial Baptist Church, 28th St. and Lehigh Ave., was held without bail yesterday on a statutory charge. With him was arraigned William Hunter, 21, unemployed, of 321 N. 2nd St., Camden. Hunter was held without bail as an accessory. Both were arrested by detectives early yesterday in a washroom on the third floor of City Hall, near Detective Bureau.



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SOUTHERN COOKING

by JAMES R. McCARTHY

I WISH to explode a myth that persists even in the minds of intelligent people. They issue statements, on the least provocation, about Southern cooking. Let me put it in capitals: Southern Cooking.

They say to me with moist mouths: Did you ever go into the South and have fried chicken? Or did you have any fried anything else? Oh, boy! oh, boy!

People who never in their lives have been in the South have assured me that if I were to dine in some fine old Southern mansion, or even in a first-class restaurant or hotel, I would taste something fit for the Table of the Gods.

Now I don't wish to libel the cooking of Southern gals nor jolt those readers who honestly have a happy memory of their gastronomic experiences below the Mason-Dixon line. But I wish to state in accents loud that, although I have dined in some of the finest hotels in the South and in not a few of the homes of discriminating hosts, I have never yet enjoyed a real meal such as one can get without very much trouble in the North, particularly in New York.

Even certain epicures have violently opposed my point of view. I know one who has eaten about everywhere where one *should* eat, and who insists that nobody can truthfully say that Southern cooking is a myth. He says he has had delicious fried chicken and other superb cooking in Baltimore and New Orleans.

To call New Orleans a part of the South is splitting hairs. Anyhow I'll waive the point, with the passing suggestion that Baltimore is no more South than New Orleans is North. And that brings up another thought. Not only is Baltimore *not* South, but New Orleans cooking is certainly *not* Southern. It is French or Creole, but it is *not* Southern.

My particular critic may have had a fine Southern meal in New Orleans but so have I had a fine Southern meal in New York City. My own Northern wife cooked it. The best fried chicken I ever have had, after months of wandering in the South, was in my home in New York City.

Without laboring the point, let me explain. Cooking in the South—that is, in the homes of the rich, the poor, in hotels and in ordinary restaurants—is dominated by the frying pan. Personally, I cannot easily be scared by a frying pan. But once in the South it drives me into a frenzy of fear. I see visions of meat, whether it be chicken or steak—and whoever heard of an honest-to-God gourmet *frying* steak?—I see all meat in the South fried to a frazzle. I should not like, on some dark night, to be hit on the head with a Southern fried chicken leg or even a fried sirloin steak. I am personally opposed to fractured skulls.

Some day, when matters of less importance loom, I shall make a five-year study of why Southerners (*a*) fry all their meat and (*b*) why they fry it so tenaciously, determinedly, and with utter vengeance and malice aforethought.

Meanwhile, I defy any reader of this erudite journal to go into the average Southern home or the average Southern restaurant and come out with less than a very sore jaw.

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HEIL COLUMBIA!

by KENNETH CAMPBELL

Editorial Staff New York World-Telegram

Within recent weeks two committees, one informal and the other constituted by the Congress, have held hearings relating to the Nazis. While members of these committees have asserted that the hearings were being conducted solely for the purpose of ascertaining facts, both inquiries have been characterized by displays of ill temper that belie these claims to open-mindedness.

Nothing has been established at these hearings except the fact that both witnesses and committee men are determined to transplant in this country the hoary hates of Europe with all their envenomed complications. The brutality used by German louts to pay off old scores and the snarling conspiracies of their enemies have been hauled across the Atlantic and dumped on top of our own considerable problems.

Public hearings of a self-constituted and wholly unofficial body calling itself the American Inquiry Commission have been held in New York City. At these hearings German journalists, professors, labor organizers and mechanics, together with an extremely articulate English literary lady, a female Bolshevik recently widowed by Hitler Storm Troopers, and a shy little Jewish boy, filled the record with tales of Nazi frightfulness.

Perspiring stenographers grappled with strange German names and terms while the venerable Clarence Darrow snoozed in the chairman's seat and Arthur Garfield Hays gently conducted the witnesses through mazes of feverish revelations.

The hearings were held in the austerely beautiful assembly chamber of the New York County Lawyers' Association. The very walls of this room exude something of the individualism of generations of American lawyers, who, whatever their faults, were willing to take their chances in courts where the other side could be heard.

During the hearings the atmosphere was turgid with bitterness.

Much of this committee's time was taken up by the testimony, or rather the extensive speeches, of Mrs. Amabel Williams-Ellis, the British literary lady. Mrs. Williams-Ellis was far from unconscious of the effect on her hearers of her Mayfair accent and her success with the difficult German *Umlaut*. She discoursed on varied phases of German life with an air of great finality. She had spent a short time in Germany on a sort of intellectual Cook's tour and was full of indignation and good advice. Probably Aldous Huxley has taken her apart with loving care in one of his diverting panoramas of English manners. If he has not, he is hereby urged to go to work on her.

When this lady was not handing down verdicts on the status of women in Germany or relating second or third-hand horror tales, she was holding carnival with the photographers and the sound film boys in the foyer.

The sponsors of the show admitted frankly that it was put on entirely for publicity purposes. They maintained on the slimmest of evidence that the regimenting of world opinion against the Nazis had brought about the acquittal of the Communists who were tried for the Reichstag fire. Sufficient ballyhoo, the committee men held, would obtain the release of Thaelmann and Torgler, Communists still held in Nazi prisons.

Since the whole thing was a press-agent stunt, which if it did not help the German Communists certainly would not hurt Arthur Garfield Hays and Dudley Field Malone, no chances were taken that might cause the record to show anything by way of Nazi rebuttal.

Although the committee had promised the right of cross-examin-

(*Continued on page* 10, *col.* 1)

A FRENCHMAN LOOKS AT HARLEM

by H. R. LENORMAND

Author, "Failures," "Simoon," "Man and His Phantoms," etc.

AT the Savoy Ballroom human bodies are possessed by such a frenzy of rhythm that they cannot bring themselves to rest, even when the orchestra stops playing. They continue to quiver during the intermission.

Every branch of the colored race is represented at this dancing paradise. I have seen Polynesian women, sad and imperious, buxom Harlem negresses, "Creoles" in old-fashioned gauze dresses, who looked as if they had stepped out of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," African Negroes glistening like coal. Lolling on the benches and moving obsequiously from table to table are professional inverts, the melancholy riff-raff of homosexuality.

To these couples the dance is much more than a prelude to love; it is a frenzied parade, a spasmodic ceremonial, which is as full of mystic exaltation as of eroticism. In the middle of a rhumba the bodies separate; each one seeks in space the frantic freedom of which he dreams, the expansion of his movements, the complete joy of his limbs.

* * *

I have also seen the Harlem of foreign and white American night life. I was very quickly bored by the shows in which colored girls go through mechanical gyrations at the orders of a director, and by the joints where a quadroon goes from table to table singing an obscene song in a husky voice, a childish story of abortion, whose indency is only appreciated by the slumming customers. As for the singer, a hoarse little animal in search of dollars. And for myself, indency has no charm.

* * *

Lenox Avenue has real charm at three o'clock in the morning, when the black street-walkers boldly march up and down the wide boulevard in the clear moonlight.

* * *

So far as I am concerned the real Harlem is to be found in the clubs unknown to foreigners. At the Checkers, about midnight, the dark people arrive, still fresh and clean, their skins smelling of amber. By two o'clock the dance is in full swing. A hundred bodies are undulating one against another, held in by the brass rail which surrounds the dance floor. The women's arms are clasped around the men's necks, the men convulsively clutch the waists of the women. Stiffening her body, the female rubs herself against the male, while the latter, with his head thrown back and his gaze transfixed, dreams of the spasm which is about to thrill him. It is neither a dance nor yet an orgy. The black crowd wavers between loving and dancing. Here is nothing of the sadness of a human assembly, for they are more like happy animals than human beings, animals united in play beneath the brown, lowering night of the many-plaited ceiling.

Sells Two More Stories

"Perhaps you will be interested to learn that I have just sold two more stories. One was to The Blue Book, and the other was sold to True Detective Mysteries. I feel quite encouraged, for I consider both these magazines a step in advance of the ones I have sold to formerly."

Darrell E. Jordan,
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(*Continued from page* 9, *col.* 1)

ation to Nazi sympathizers, this right was not made available to an attorney who showed up on their behalf. He was told that he could submit questions in writing. He did submit a few questions but they were so complicated and long-winded that the committee had no difficulty in passing them off perfunctorily. When the attorney, an elderly and very militant man, tried to pass out a statement to reporters, he was chased down stairs.

The woman Communist who testified had the honor of being the first genuine Bolshevik to be taken seriously by an American body of even the slightest standing. Her anguish over the loss of her husband struck a note of sincere pathos amid the quasi-judicial flummery. She believed that her husband had been assassinated by Hitler Storm Troopers and it is quite likely that he was.

While respecting the grief of a wife over the killing of her husband, it must be recalled that in all countries violence is frequently meted out to those who plot the armed overthrow of existing systems. Conspirators take that chance.

As for the little Jewish boy, he did not quite come off. They put him on the stand too late in the day, when the newspapers had all they wanted of the story, which wasn't much.

The committee established by the House of Representatives did manage to produce some meaty newspaper copy. Under the guise of being a fact-finding body, it subpœnaed before it in both executive and public sessions such persons as in its opinion had engaged in, or had knowledge of, foreign propaganda in this country. Nazi propaganda was first and foremost on the committee's agenda.

From the beginning of the public hearings it was apparent that the examining committee men had had brisk encounters with witnesses in the closed executive sessions, for some of the committee members made at the witnesses in great heat.

The perennial George Sylvester Viereck was clapped in the dock and given his lumps to the tune of his shrill protests. They caught him up on his error in stating that Ivy Lee was in the pay of the Soviets when he was actually on the Nazi pay-roll.

A great sensation was caused when it was established that Mr. Lee, heavyweight public relations champion of the universe, had taken Hitler for a $25,000 a year buggy ride by selling him advice that any reasonably alert consul could have furnished with no more exertion than it would take to clip Walter Winchell and stick him in an envelope.

The Germans came off pretty badly at the hearings. The testimony showed that they had learned nothing from their experiences with propaganda here during the World War. They have refused to heed advice offered by such reasonable and well-informed Germans as von Bernstorff and the late ex-chancellor von Bülow who pleaded with them to use some discretion. They even failed to heed the expensive advice of Ivy Lee, who told them that they could not bat the Jews about and expect to have this country like it.

All proclamations to the contrary, the bully-ragging of witnesses was conducted with alert care for important toes that might be trampled on by mistake. When Ernst Schmitz, German publicity man here, disclosed that Samuel Dickstein, Tammany Congressman on the committee, had negotiated for a favor with the North German Lloyd line in the matter of his fare to Germany, Mr. Schmitz was shut up in short order.

The "bad Communists" of Union Square were brought in for grilling, while the "good Communists," *i.e.*, the Soviet trade representatives here, have to date been let carefully alone.

Just what "remedial" legislation the Congress might enact is obscure, since nobody can define just what propaganda is.

Also, at this writing it is difficult to see what use can be made of the reams of testimony taken by the two committees unless it is baled and transported to Berlin to be dropped on Herr Hitler's head.

SHADES OF LYTTON STRACHEY!

by ***ERNEST BOYD***

THE exaggerated esteem in which the late Gamaliel Bradford was held during his lifetime finds a posthumous echo in the introduction which Van Wyck Brooks has written to his letters. Mr. Brooks is only the last of many shrewd critics who saw in this essayist a writer of greater importance than is warranted by the score of volumes which stand to his name. Not only has Bradford been credited with having invented Lytton Strachey's "formula," but those who prefer the wit and charm of "Eminent Victorians" have been accused of lack of patriotism. Bradford, it seems, "writes with a mellower wisdom and juster mind than Strachey."

It is not, perhaps, strange that Gamaliel Bradford should have persuaded others to see in his biographical essays more than was actually there, for he even persuaded himself that he was not a biographer, but something very much more subtle, a "psychographer." In one breath he admitted that this was little more than a catchpenny title, designed to make readers think they were getting something new in the field of biography. In another he very seriously proceeded to define the mysteries of "psychography" thus: "Out of the perpetual flux of actions and circumstances that constitutes a man's whole life, it seeks to extract what is essential, what is permanent and so vitally characteristic. . . . Psychography selects only that which is indispensable for its particular purpose. . . . The psychographer endeavors to grasp as many particular moments as he can and to give his reader not one but the enduring sum total of them all."

It was Bradford's illusion, presumably shared by his encomiasts, that the kind of writing thus described differed from the literary portrait, the biographical sketch, the psychological study. "Psychography," he added, in a further attempt at definition, "is the attempt to portray character." It is obvious from his own explanation that, as a "psychographer," he had no method, no approach to his subject, which were not common to a variety of his predecessors in biography, who never dreamed of designating their efforts by this word which Saintsbury once applied to Sainte-Beuve. To add further to the befuddlement inherent in "psychography," Bradford argued that Sainte-Beuve was essentially a "psychographer," that he has been mistakenly extolled as a literary critic, yet he then proved that Sainte-Beuve's method was quite unlike his own. In the circumstances it is not surprising to find one of his first volumes of biographical essays, "A Naturalist of Souls," dedicated to "Bliss Perry who has his doubts about psychography."

Having established the tenuousness of Bradford's claim to have applied a new technique in the writing of biographical sketches, I would suggest that his books be examined in the light of his own theory and of the superlative praise bestowed upon them. Here are the "psychographical" masterpieces which, it is alleged, were the forerunners of "Eminent Victorians," "Queen Victoria" and "Elizabeth and Essex," here are the books which provided Lytton Strachey with his "formula." I mention only the more important: "Lee, the American," "Confederate Portraits," "Union Portraits," "A Naturalist of Souls," "Portraits of Women," "American Portraits," "Damaged Souls," "The Soul of Samuel Pepys," "Bare Souls," "Portraits of American Women," "Wives," "Darwin," "As God Made Them," "Daughters of Eve," and "The Quick and the Dead."

With three exceptions, indicated by their titles, all of these are collected "psychographs," dealing with outstanding figures in art, literature, and politics. It is my contention that they are no better than most collections of fugitive essays of their kind, and that not one of them contains a paragraph comparable to the lesser collected papers of Strachey, such as "Books and Characters."

Having quoted Bradford's hazy definition of his purpose, I will offer by way of contrast Strachey's definition of his. "To preserve,

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for instance, a becoming brevity—a brevity which excludes everything that is redundant and nothing that is significant—that, surely, is the first duty of the biographer. The second, no less surely, is to maintain his own freedom of spirit. It is not his business to be complimentary, it is his business to lay bare the facts of the case, as he understands them." If anyone will examine, say Bradford's studies of Darwin or Pepys, he will not find them luminous examples of the Strachey "formula," as defined by Strachey himself. Here is a summary of Darwin's influence on Gamaliel Bradford: "It was Darwin, the gentle, the kindly, the human, who could not bear the sight of blood, who raged against the cruelty of vivisection and slavery, who detested suffering in men or animals, it was Darwin who at least typified the rigorous logic that wrecked the universe for me and for millions of others." The tragedy of Pepys' life is described as follows: "There is no suggestion whatever of the abiding, haunting sense of God, longing for God, thirst for God, which inspire every page of Amiel, or of the 'Imitation.' Pepys simply knew nothing about these matters. As for Mrs. Pepys, "the truth is, what the woman wanted was the touch of childish hands and the prattle of childish voices."

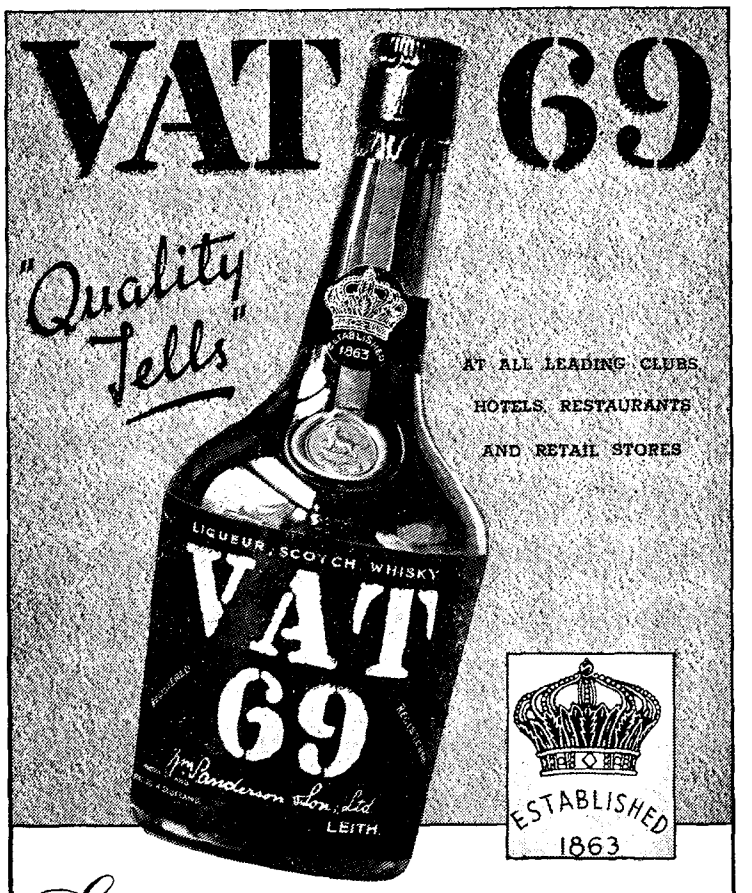
It is surely unnecessary to add to the literature concerning two such familiar figures as Darwin and Pepys, unless one has something very definitely original to say. The same is true of the innumerable portraits. Bradford never writes about anyone who has not been the subject of many studies and biographies, and not one of his contributions is more than, at best, a piece of competent pedestrian work, embodying the essential facts, but adding nothing in the shape of independent research or novelty of viewpoint. He tells the familiar story of Mrs. Lincoln's shrewishness. He discovers that Mark Twain was a hopeless pessimist, but "he was a big man and he had a big heart." He would like to know about Henry James' amours, if any, but he does not find out, nor offer any comment on this strange lacuna in James' life. Aaron Burr was a rake and a very naughty fellow, but there was something likable about the man. Whistler painted well, but he had a sharp tongue. Voltaire was a great man, but he dodged, lied, and cheated. And so forth and so on with literally hundreds of these "psychographs."

Toward the close of his life one suspects that these volumes were manufactured *ad hoc,* to meet the requirements of editors and publishers. Bradford always chose characters safely established in public esteem or disfavor. He was never a pioneer, either in the introduction of new talents or in his interpretation of available facts and documents. He was prone to platitudinous moralizing, and usually followed the cautious principle of allowing that there was a lot to be said on both sides. In brief, Gamaliel Bradford neither invented nor employed Lytton Strachey's "formula." The latter's method and equipment were infinitely beyond his power.

Mr. Eugene O'Neill respectfully suggests to his editorial colleagues that the Nazi storm troop leaders psychopathologically adopt the slogan of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police: "Get Your Man!"

Mr. George Jean Nathan respectfully suggests to his editorial colleagues that henceforth the Nazi leaders be referred to as Potsdamen.

Mr. Ernest Boyd respectfully suggests to his editorial colleagues that, as the British people are unable to raise the money to buy the Codex Sinaiticus, this venerable book should be purchased by Mr. Hitler and triumphantly incinerated in accordance with the high cultural principles of Nazi Aryanism.



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ED HOWE

by JOSEPH FAUS

BEFORE Spoon River and Gopher Prairie, there was Fairview. In summer dust covered it, in winter mud congealed it. In its log cabins lived men rough and surly, and women pale and fretful. Existence was squalid, precarious.

There was a church built on the highest, bleakest point in the country-side, and when a resident died its bell mournfully tolled the years of his life, and the body was placed in the cemetery. Here the children played, although in Fairview children were not supposed to play; here they romped over the shrunken graves, from which the devil had stolen the corpses.

So was Fairview—grim, stern, intolerant, forbidding; and about it, years later, one who had played among the graves wrote a novel. He could not get any publisher to take it, and, a printer, he stubbornly published it himself. Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, George W. Cable and other literary giants of that time praised "The Story of a Country Town", and the publishers who had rejected it begged to print new editions.

Under the sun Fairview sullenly sprawled and lived, lived unmindful that ladies in refined society a thousand miles away were smelling its dust and dung and gasping at its gossip. And Edgar Watson Howe, young printer, not at all unmindful, smiled pleasantly as he accepted vegetables and beef and butter in lieu of money for subscriptions to his small daily paper.

A bank was opened in Fairview, and a volunteer fire department was formed. Some one urged the government to limit the kill of the buffalo. The Swiss Bell Ringers made a one-night stand, and bustles and rats were in style. A big paper over in Kansas City printed an amusing item it took from some country sheet called *The Atchison Globe*—"The pot of gold is not at the end of the rainbow, but at the end of a good day's work." S. S. McClure, in an office in New York, asked, "Who is this Howe person, anyway?", and turned his fascinated eyes back to a book that was destined to sell regularly for more than forty years.

Progress continued to exact its toll. Gas lights were installed, board walks were built to eliminate the nuisance of dust and mud, and some ladies formed a Rook card club. A magic-lantern show came to town. Then came a national panic. A score of big-city papers began quoting the pungent sayings of one who came to be known as the country editor supreme. "A good scare is worth more to a man than good advice." "Too many men honor women and neglect their wives." "When a man says money can do anything, that settles it. He hasn't any."

McKinley was assassinated, and everybody's mother was a lady on the phonograph records. Owners of rubber-tired gigs demanded paved streets. Ed Howe's was now the most widely quoted paper in America.

However, with electric lights glittering, a car line rumbling, a great department store thriving, and Fords in their heyday, some of the individuality seemed gone from the old town, and Ed Howe turned his prosperous paper over to his two sons, went on a trip around the world, and, returning, started a four-page monthly devoted to "indignation and information", all of which he wrote himself.

No other publication had such a remarkable list of subscribers: a coal miner in Pennsylvania, John D. Rockefeller, a cowboy in Texas, Elbert H. Gary, a school teacher in Vermont, H. G. Wells, a stevedore in San Francisco, Philip Armour, a scientist in Schenectady, W. J. Bryan; and thousands of others. Among the editor-publisher's subscription agents, none of whom accepted fees, were George Horace Lorimer and Ray Long, who talked scores into parting with quarters for a 12-months' course in common sense, with classic examples of self-expression as one went along.

He preached from the audience, Ed Howe did. Sinner sermons. He sat back, as another has phrased it, in the ripe wisdom of his declining years and laughed with gentle tolerance at the stupidities and mistakes of youth. He philosophized and poked fun at everybody's follies, including his own. Everyone who had the good sense to read him acquired a saner and broader perspective. He was a wholesome and healthy influence in the life of the whole of North America.

And then, in November, 1933, Ed Howe ceased his efficient grumbling. He retired, as he told this chronicler, not because of advanced age, but because, astonishingly, he finally realized he could not write. Could not write despite Heywood Broun's assertion, "He composes prose of a sort to make every other journalist bite his nails in envy", despite the hosannahs of Corra Harris, William Allen White, Jay E. House, and other such critics.

Letters from people in all walks of life poured in pleading for a reconsideration of the resolve. He received many flattering offers from eager publishers. "Old Ed is not only a national literary figure," said the Baltimore *Sun,* "in a way, he is our national conscience. None of us will be as good as when his proddings jacked us up."

Suddenly, whilst loafing discontentedly in Miami, "Old Ed" decided to try again. To prod, he hoped, more successfully. To write a better book.

"On what?" I asked.

"My final conclusions. A last thumbing of the nose in the direction of radicals, idealists, politicians and parasites in general. An apostrophe to common sense and morality."

"What, really, are they?"

"Common sense is simply obeying your natural instincts. Morality is the science of behaving decently among your fellows."

"Possibly, for argument's sake," it was suggested, "the definitions won't apply long. I recall that a famous British author recently wrote: 'Nothing is true forever. A man and a fact will become equally decrepit and will tumble in the same ditch, for truth is as mortal as man, and both are outlived by the tortoise and crow.'"

"False!" Ed protested. "Why do writers write what will sound as a clever truth instead of what they probably know to be the real truth? No; the fundamental rules for happiness and success, man's eternal goals, never have changed and never will change. Shortly after a prehistoric forebear was able to kill his own meat, his lazy neighbor learned that honesty was the best policy. Philosophy alters little through the ages: the essentials of what Plato, Socrates, Seneca, Nietzsche and Voltaire thought are the same. There are no new philosophers, only plagiarists of thoughts of the old philosophers. The old sayings we quote from day to day represent the wisdom of thousands of years. The old books in your house and in my house are mainly rubbish; some one has squeezed the good out of them, and is repeating it on the highways. There is, I impress, nothing new. Let us yawn, and hold fast to that which is old."

"What, then, are the immemorial rules for success and happiness?"

"Be fair, honest, industrious, temperate and polite, and any fame and fortune due will appear. In truth, if a man will follow his natural inclinations, success is easier than failure. That it isn't easier to do your duty than to worry over neglect of it, no one will deny; or that it isn't easier to work than to bear the stigma of scornful gossip. As a matter of fact, it is difficult for a man to wander from the conventional paths; he does not need a state or national law to keep him straight—his competitors and patrons usually see to that.

"Personally, I have never heard the thunderings from Mount

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Sinai, but have often heard the mutterings of the neighbors. I have never been arrested, but every time I have left the straight and narrow path, the easiest to travel, I have found enough difficulty to convince me that the road to hell should be avoided. I am not afraid of the devil of theology, but the devil of intemperance, idleness, dishonesty, unfairness, impoliteness, is as black, as cruel, as relentless, as he is painted."

"What do you think of the importance of present-day education in order to get on?" I asked him.

"Education means little in success. Indeed, there are more educated people now than the uneducated can support. Most professors are dull pigs lecturing to foxes. Most books are worthless, written by habitual mischief-makers, who send us on emotional sprees and render us incapable of sensible thought and rational living. The educational authorities are largely idealists; and the idealist is the advance agent of the communist. The former controls by lies and love, the latter by lies and clubs. It all ends in the rape of the populace.

"Every so-called smart man knows he doesn't know much; that no one does. The truly smart men are those who do not depend upon themselves but accept what a great many others have decided is true. I am often impressed with the great number of dull, or average, people who get along well; and they comprise the world's force. The dullest man I know is a good citizen, a good husband and father, and a useful man. Hundreds of brighter men laugh at him, none of whom get along as well as he does. It is easy to behave, and work, and be honest, and make a living, however hard it may be to paint a great picture, write a great book, or become great in statesmanship.

"Very little worth knowing can be taught. From the cradle to the grave we are all students in the university of fact. The professors include policemen who arrest us under certain circumstances, and politely salute us under others; bankers who cheerfully lend us money under certain circumstances, or refuse it under others; foremen of shops who commend or condemn our work; merchants who extend us credit, or refuse it; ladies who smile or scream at our approach; newspapers which give us good notices or bad. Your diploma from this university is your standing at the bank and in the community."

"Why, in your opinion, are there no women philosophers?" I asked.

"Because, unlike men, they lack candor. Men laugh at their pretenses; women are as serious with pretenses as with principles. Men rarely fool themselves; women always do. Men know their mistakes are always found out; women believe some of them have never been suspected by anyone, although these mistakes are familiar to all. Even so, women do not need to be philosophers. They marry the philosophers and let them solve the problems."

"And to sum up a livable creed?"

"We should all pretend, in public, to be a little better than we are. We should have a display window, as the storekeepers have, and exhibit our best goods. We should have ideals we cannot quite reach; we should all be a little high-minded, and accomplish a little of the greater good. Every man should know a few lines of poetry; he should exaggerate every good thing a little, and hover cautiously around the various higher things, but he must not go so far from the shores of reality that he may not paddle back in safety. We can't wear our Sunday or company clothes all the time; we must put on working suits, and attack the weeds and the mud holes."

Thus the creed of America's foremost apostle of common sense, as at eighty-one, he takes up his pen again. While "Fairview's" latest children play in municipal parks, he, child of truth and simplicity, romps over the graves of illusions that others have sadly buried, and holds up their skeletons to the public gaze, and laughs, plaintively.

NEWSPAPER MAN

by CAROL BIRD

EVERY newspaper man at one time or another in his life grows self-analytical and contemplative; he asks himself what peculiar kink in his make-up inspired him to enter the newspaper game instead of some more lofty and remunerative calling. Why did he sell himself down the river and become a snoop, an underpaid slave, a chaser of fire-engines? Why did he choose a dirty City room in an old building as against a spotless office in a modern skyscraper; irregular hours in preference to the nine-to-five arrangement; an uncertain future rather than the go-getter-in-line-for-promotion scheme of the average business concern? What peculiar and distinctive qualities were his that he should have selected as his life work the job of reporting?

He asks himself these insistent questions as he sits before a rheumatic old machine, with its type out of alignment, its dim ribbon honeycombed with holes. He has milled out his last story of the day, for the dead-line, hanging over his head like the Damascene sword, permits of no shilly-shallying. Perhaps he hears the whirr of the omniverous presses; certainly he is shrouded in the smoke of cheap cigars and cigarettes and ancient pipes. Perhaps the sarcastic voice of the City Editor, whose digestive apparatus has jumped a

(*Continued on page* 14, *col.* 2)

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To a Certain Very Tiresome Captain of Industry

As president of a large corporation and director of a score of others, you have acquired a reputation (we often wonder how) for profound thinking. At your frequent public appearances you can be relied upon to say nothing that has not been said better before. Your lack of knowledge of the humanities is unexcelled, and your conversation at the dinner table almost unbelievably jejune. Obviously, you never read any books because you suffer from the common American delusion that literature has no connection with life, and that is why (although we know the recommendation is probably useless) we wish to call your attention to

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(*Continued from page* 13, *col.* 2)

cog, reaches him, wanting to know why in hell all you bums are hanging around the City room instead of being out on your beats. Or the persuasive voice of the Sports editor, asking him to kick into the baseball pool, just when he has clutched at the elusive phrase explaining the mystery.

Or perhaps he is side-tracked momentarily by the shrill soprano of the sob sister who announces gleefully that she has topped the $10,000 figure in the Tiny Needy Tots contest she is conducting for the paper, or by the roar of mirth from a group of idling reporters at his elbow who have just heard Bill Blunt tell the one about the old maid in the Pullman car. The story wears a beard, but still gets as many laughs as when it was first born in the mind of an ingenious commercial traveler.

While the air of the City room grows more and more vitiated, the puzzled newspaper man, analyzing the initial urge that drove him into the game, grows more and more confounded. He may explain the phenomenon to himself in numerous ways, all more or less flattering to his self-esteem, his faultless judgment and his unusual mental endowments. But if he is sufficiently detached and honest, considering himself and his work objectively, he will inevitably come to the conclusion that he is, at heart, iconoclastic, and it was because of this quality that he is where he finds himself at the moment of stock-taking.

He is an Image-Breaker. He thrives on assailing traditional beliefs. He is against Law and Order, Routine and Monotony. He despises the Herd and the herd's instincts. Spotless surroundings oppress him. Efficiency and time-clocks terrorize him. The Pep-Up-The-Personnel patter of the average employer or office manager nauseates him. He abhors the neat business suit, luncheon at 12 o'clock, dinner at seven. He likes to swear when the urge seizes him, spit on the floor when he has a mind to, yell a bawdy yarn across a row of desks when the Rabelaisian itch tickles him. He can do all these things in a City room, and no one will twitch an eyelash or wriggle an ear.

In line with his iconoclasm, he can indulge in the personal eccentricities he cherishes, and do it unhampered in a newspaper office. He can wear an old velour hat with a mussy sweat-band in the middle of a hot August afternoon, the un-advertised brand of garters that swish around his ankles, and a tie that looks like a piece of Rumanian embroidery, and not be ridiculed for the *tout ensemble.* He can have breakfast at 3 a. m. in the Dirty Spoon, the official eating rendezvous for the newspaper gang, order a Charlotte russe, sour pickles, pancakes, grapefruit, and three cups of black coffee, without having the waitress give him the oblique glance one directs at a nit-wit.

He can throw waste paper on the floor, directly over the yawning mouth of the neat waste-paper basket, follow it with cigarette stubs and a wad of chewing gum, and no one will excoriate him for it. He can sit in the gleaming tiers of the Metropolitan Opera House wearing a bright green sweater and feel nonchalant about it. He need go to church only when he has to cover a Sunday sermon that promises to be hot—and usually isn't—or he can thumb his nose at the First Presbyterian and telephone after the service to ask the minister what he said. And then boil down that eloquent gentleman's verbosity to two sticks and let it go at that.

The newspaper man can do all these things with impunity. But why should he want to do them?, ask the uninitiated. Why should a man *want* to wear a vivid green sweater at the opera, why should he writhe at the prospect of attending church, why should he deliberately litter the floor when there is a workable trash basket in sight? Why? Simply because he loathes the conventional and the conventions; he is devoted to the destruction of images that most people venerate, worship through fear, compulsion, or in order to propitiate someone.

(*Continued on page* 15, *col.* 2)

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(*Continued from page* 14, *col.* 2)

Well, then, asks the conformer, what gives the newspaper man this lamentable outlook on life? In short, how does he become as he is? Who or what is responsible for his divergence from the broad highway of conventional conduct? How does it happen that he takes this bypath of the rebel?

The answer is: His family, for in his youth every newspaper man was crammed to the bursting point either with the traditions of Cleanliness of Religion, Clothes-Make-the-Man. proverbs, Wholesome Food doctrines or, perhaps, all four of them. Or he was brought up on the Early to Bed, Early to Rise rule, or had a mother who prided herself on her Efficiency, Thrift and Orderliness.

Probe, after the fashion of a modern psychoanalyst, into the childhood of every reporter and you will find a Ghost. The ghost, perchance, of Methodism, when a fanatically religious mother made him carol hymns before he had routed his cowlick; the ghost of a father who thought it sinful to keep wine in the house; the ghost of a puritan aunt who believed it was evil to use a lusty oath; the ghost of a grandmother who scoured pots and pans and the front doorstep until she was carried out of the house in a long, mahogany box, her frenzied household labors ended.

It is this parade of ghosts, seen in retrospect, that usually deters the newspaper man just when he has made his seemingly inflexible resolve to abandon the newspaper game for something more lucrative and less fly-by-night and ephemeral. These menacing ghosts of the past force him to turn his back on Stability and Security and a Sane Social existence simply by reminding him how unadventuresome and dull and boring these things can be.

Wed to that prim trinity, he must part from his alluring mistress—Freedom. He cannot be free and stable and secure and social all at the same time. He realizes that he reasons fallaciously when he believes that if he but once cuts himself off from the newspaper game he will achieve independence. He knows that, as a matter of fact, he will lose it, and as a result, wander shackled and disconsolate all the days of his life.

SELF-RELIANCE

by EDWARD C. PINKERTON

THE following fragment, scrawled on an old piece of wrapping paper, was found in a vacant house in Baltimore, Maryland:

"I feel sure there are many young men in our country who, at this very moment, are going through the same ordeal I have been through . . . I am writing for them and for them alone, others may read if they so desire.

"I was brought up not exactly in the lap of luxury, but very comfortably. My father held a responsible position with a large bank. I was an only child, and consequently much made of.

"We lived in an apartment house in Flushing, L. I., where I grew up without making many friends. I was more interested in reading and day-dreaming than in the amusements of my contemporaries. My parents' circle of friends was also small, consisting chiefly of my father's colleagues and a few old chums of mother's.

"At the age of seventeen I was sent to Yale, where my life continued little changed by the new environment. I took an academic course—economics, to please my father, but squeezing in as many courses in English Literature as I possibly could . . . It had long been agreed that when the time came I was to follow in my father's footsteps, but the prospect had never greatly enthralled me.

"During my junior year the bank collapsed, father killed himself, and mother died shortly after, probably from shock. That was last Spring (1933).

"I had nowhere to turn. Any relatives I had were to me more or less mythical beings, since both my parents had come originally

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(*Continued from page* 15, *col.* 2)

from the Middle West, and had visited back home very infrequently. I soon found myself drifting aimlessly from city to city, from state to state.

"It is not my purpose here to detail to you my wanderings and my sufferings. You know all about that already, the physical agony of hunger and uncleanliness, the mental agony of panhandling, with its sneering rebuffs and its condescending donations of pennies, nickels or dimes.

"No, my purpose is rather to outline to you the method I have devised for escaping these humiliations, for regaining lost independence, and self-esteem, and self-reliance . . . *I* have achieved all this, *I,* who have plumbed the nethermost depths of shame and despair, am now once again a happy, contented man, serenely conscious of my own worth and innate dignity. I feel morally obliged to make my method known, in order that you may profit by my experience."

There follows a long passage that has been X'ed several times. Each line has also been crossed out individually, so that it is impossible to make out more than a word here or there. The document continues (the handwriting is noticeably firmer and bolder):

"Observe the alley cat. Like his brothers and sisters of the fireside, he is a self-contained, self-sufficient animal. He asks favor of no one; he makes his own way in the world; he preserves his dignity; *and he does not go hungry* . . .

"Go Thou And Do Likewise.

"I hear a chorus of protests. This, they say, is nothing new. This has been tried before. I know that well. But my plea is for a new *spirit,* a new *attitude.*

"I remember the first time I ate from a garbage pail. It was some place in South Carolina. I had spent two miserable days begging for work, for food, for money, all to no avail. My frame of mind was so desperate that I even contemplated stealing. That night, wandering out toward the residential section of the town, I came upon a back alley lined with garbage cans awaiting the collector. I was frantic with hunger.

"I well remember my feelings of revulsion and disgust. I remember them with a smile, as one remembers one's childish fear of the dark, of hobgoblins and other imaginary terrors. For I have outgrown this silly nausea, this infantile disgust . . . *Garbage Is A State Of Mind.* The sooner you realize that, the better off you'll be. Garbage is edible for cats, dogs, hogs; it is also perfectly edible for man. I proved this to my own satisfaction, once I had succeeded in breaking down my false prejudices. And so I say once again: 'Do as the alley cat does: eat garbage and like it.'

"Apart from the gratifying sense of security and independence which this new outlook on life imparts, you will soon discover a new zest in living and eating. For nothing so whets the appetite as not knowing what foods the coming meal is to consist of. You will find yourself quivering with eager curiosity as you raise the garbage can lid and search for choice morsels. And you will come to appreciate many foods you formerly considered worthless . . . I have found orange, lemon and grapefruit peels particularly tasty. Various vegetable tops are also very good, and no doubt as healthful as they are good. Of course, scraps of meat with gravy are always welcome . . . I have never been able really to enjoy egg shells.

"The only real drawback to my method is coffee-grinds. They are exceedingly bitter, and they seem to spread everywhere in a garbage can. However, they can be shaken off the food with sufficient patience and practise. Many housewives throw their coffee-grinds down the drain. Perhaps there is some way of inducing all housewives to do the same."

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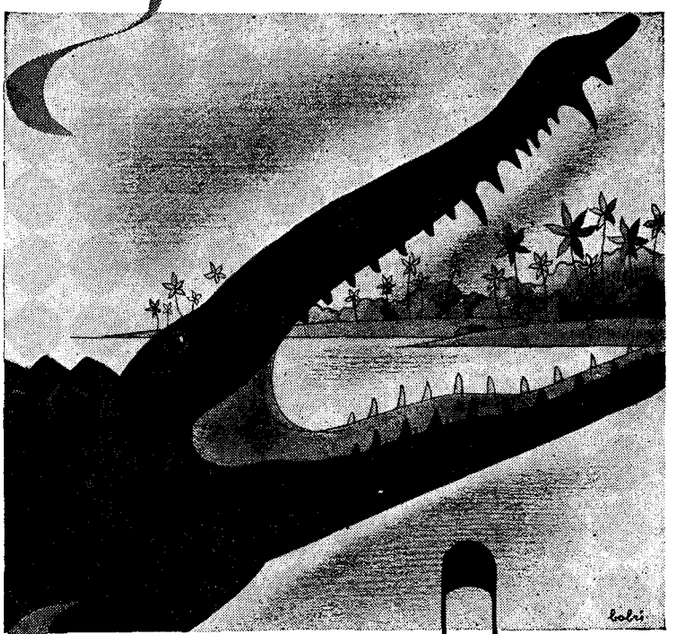

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